HATCHET

Shooting Script
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - NIGHT

Frogs and insects make their music underneath an overcast night sky as a tiny yellow glow comes into view off in the distance.

Slowly the glow comes into focus to reveal a lantern swinging from the bow of a small, lone boat, quietly moving across the swamp.

INT. ROW BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Sitting over the carcasses of 2 small alligators, SAMPSON (late 50's, bundled up in a large flannel jacket and hunter's cap) strikes a match and lights an old pipe.

AINSLEY (Sampson's son, late 20's, dressed in matching flannel gear) spits a wad of chewing tobacco into the water and wipes his mouth off on his sleeve.

AINSLEY
Come on, Paw. We've been out here over 3 hours. I mean, we don't even know where the hell she went.

SAMPSON
She's at least a 12 footer if I ever saw one. Nah, I ain't leaving here without her.

They both stare into the murky waters around them.

AINSLEY
Man, I'm cold.

SPLASH! Something large stirs in the water near the boat.

SAMPSON
Shh! Shut your hole.

Sampson stands up to get a better look at the area around them, inspecting the water and the shoreline with a seasoned hunter's precision. After a moment, he sits down again.

Thunder rumbles through the night air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AINSLEY
Can we pull over? I gotta take a piss.

SAMPSON
Go off the side of the boat.

AINSLEY
Come on.

SAMPSON
We ain't beachin' it.

AINSLEY
(defeated)
Shit.

Ainsley awkwardly gets to his feet at the back of the small boat. He unbuttons his jeans.

He struggles to make something happen, but his shy bladder is getting the best of him.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
Oh, come on, man- I can't go like this!

SAMPSON
Well why in the hell not?

AINSLEY
Because it's weird with you sitting there like that!

SAMPSON
(hushed)
Keep it down, would ya?

AINSLEY
See? No matter what I say. It's always "shut up Ainsley" or "you're queer Ainsley" or "why can't you be more like your sister, Ainsley!"

SAMPSON
I said shut-up, you little queer!

AINSLEY
See? See that?
(to himself)
Asshole.

CONTINUED:

Finally, Ainsley starts to urinate into the water below him.

SAMPSON
What did you say, Boy?

AINSLEY
Nuthin'.

SAMPSON
Don't make me throw you in the swamp now.

AINSLEY
Yeah, you go ahead and-

HISS!!! The giant alligator leaps out of the water and snaps up at Ainsley's crotch!

AINSLEY (cont'd)
JESUS CHRIST!

Ainsley falls back into the boat on his ass, desperately feeling his crotch.

SAMPSON
Jesus, son- what happened?

AINSLEY
She tried to bite my sack off!

Sampson holds a giant hunting spear in his hands as he scours the water for traces of the alligator, but once again the water is still.

SAMPSON
You let her get away you moron!

AINSLEY
Well what the hell was I supposed to do? For crying out loud, can we just pull over so I can finish my damn piss? Lord!

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - SIDE OF LAKE - MOMENTS LATER

Sampson moves the boat over to the edge of the swamp and Ainsley dashes off into the woods.

SAMPSON
Ya'll hurry up now!
(to himself)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SAMPSON (cont'd)
Goddamn queer's gotta squat to take a leak.

Thunder crashes and almost instantly, a quick storm begins pouring rain all around him.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ainsley relieves himself in a hidden spot behind a tree. The rain starts to come down all around him.

AINSLEY
Aw, shit.

INT. ROW BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Sampson puffs on his pipe and scratches his head.

A large splash nearby gets his attention.

SAMPSON
(hushed)
Keep still, Ainsley. I think she's back.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ainsley gets nervous.

AINSLEY
What should I do?

INT. ROW BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Angle back on Sampson.

SAMPSON
Don't make a sound. Stay right there!

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ainsley waits. His eyes dart back and forth.

Moments creep by in the unsettling silence.

CONTINUED:

SUDDENLY, a brief struggle is heard off screen.

AINSLEY
Paw?

Ainsley is frozen in fear.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
You get her?

Silence.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
Paw? Maybe we can go home now?

A branch crunches in the brush behind Ainsley and he quickly starts walking back to the boat.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
Pops?

INT. ROW BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Ainsley slowly walks up to the boat. It appears empty.

AINSLEY
...Paw?

He looks closer. Sampson's upper body lies in a pool of blood inside the boat. His legs have been torn off and his chest is split open. His lower intestines are splayed out across the top of the cooler.

Something rustles in the brush behind Ainsley.

Panicking, he reaches for Sampson's hunting spear and spins around to try and protect himself from the approaching sound. He aims the hunting spear low, bracing for what he assumes can only be the biggest alligator he'll ever see.

A low growl comes from the bushes.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
(crying)
Come on! Come and get it, you bitch! I'll kill you!

From something else's P-O-V, we move out of the brush- above Ainsley. His face turns white as he drops his spear to the ground and turns to run.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AINSLEY (cont'd)
Oh god!

In a flash we're on top of Ainsley, pinning him down against the ground.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
NOOOO! OH GOD! AHHHH!

Ainsley is dragged kicking and screaming through the mud. **WHAM!** He is smacked against a tree.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
HELP ME! PLEASE!

His arm is ripped from his socket. Blood flies through the air.

WHAM! Ainsley is thrown through the air UPSIDE DOWN against a nearby tree. He slides down the trunk and onto the ground.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
AHHHH!!!!

Behind him, something punches into his back and tears out his lower spine. Close on Ainsley's face as he screams in sheer agony and the sounds of bones snapping echo across the swamp. Blood splatters against the bushes and trees. Ainsley is disemboweled piece by piece and his organs are scattered across the woods.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
IT HURTS! AHHH!!!

His lower body is separated from his torso. His screams become gargled, bloody cries until finally there is nothing even remotely human left.

AINSLEY (cont'd)
OH GOD! HELP ME-

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - NIGHT

Cut wide in the swamp as Ainsley's final scream is cut short by the sound of a metallic blade slamming into flesh. As the echo from the carnage fades out...

CONTINUED:

Music Cue: Marilyn Manson's "This Is The New Shit" - *'Babble, babble Bitch, bitch Rebel, rebel Party, party Sex, sex, sex and don't forget the violence...')*

OPENING TITLES begin to roll as the camera starts moving across the swamp at water level. It dives and soars past all kinds of logs and vegetation at the bottom of the swamp.

Eventually the camera reaches a sewage drain and flies into the pipe. Traveling underneath the city we witness filth that could only exist below a place as dirty as New Orleans. The camera spies a manhole and races towards it as...

EXT. BOURBON STREET - DAY

We explode up and into the middle of the biggest street party in the world. The music kicks in at full blast (*'Are you motherfuckers ready for the new shit? Stand up and admit tomorrow's never coming-'*) as the feast of sin known as Mardi Gras takes place all around us.

One by one, different women from all age groups and all walks of life whip up their shirts and scream with the thrill of exposing themselves to desperate, horny swarms of men.

Crowds of drunken people fill the streets, excitedly searching for the next set of exposed breasts to throw plastic beads at.

Angle on a miserable looking BEN (20's, innocent and somewhat out of place among all of the decadence) and MARCUS (20's, sporting an arsenal of plastic beads around his neck) as they slowly work their way towards the outskirts of the mayhem on Bourbon Street. They are flanked by three drunken BUDDIES who are also draped in beads. All are carrying giant half empty cups that say "HUGE ASS BEER" on the sides. They stop on a side street corner away from all of the commotion.

MARCUS
(to Ben)
Cheer up, man! This is Mardi Gras! This is fun!

BEN
Yeah, I'm having a blast.

MARCUS
Oh, hold up! Right here, right here, look! Oh! Look at those boobs right there!

CONTINUED:

A young woman is standing on one of the balconies across the street with her shirt pulled up. She blows a kiss to Marcus.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Hey!

BEN
(unimpressed)
For something new, right? Haven't you guys seen enough boobs?

His friends glare back at him, offended.

BEN (cont'd)
I'm just not feelin' this. I should have stayed at home.

BUDDY # 1
What, so you could sit in your room and cry about Heather?

BEN
Christine.

MARCUS
Ben, man. We came down here to have a good time. And you? You're fighting it. There's fun all around you...stop standing there like a bitch.

BEN
How is this fun? This place is disgusting. Our hotel room smells like sweaty balls, man. Everyone's just drunk and looking for a fight...
(pointing at Buddy # 3)
You. You threw up six times yesterday, how do you even do that?

Buddy # 3 doesn't even know that someone is talking to him...or what his own name is.

BEN (cont'd)
You guys just stay and have fun, alright? I'm gonna go find something to do.

MARCUS
What? By yourself?

CONTINUED:

BEN
DeWitt and Robinson told me about this haunted swamp tour thing that they did last year. They said it was amazing. You see all these like floating lights and stuff on the water...just...

He realizes his friends are laughing at him.

MARCUS
You want to leave all of this...to go look at some damn lights in a swamp?

BEN
You don't have to come with me, Marcus.
(leaving)
I'll see you guys back at the hotel.

BUDDY # 1
(couldn't care less)
Cool.

His friends turn back to the party. But Marcus is torn.

He watches as Ben spills out what remains of his beer.

The look on Marcus' face quickly moves from sympathy to anger, back to sympathy, to sadness, to anger again.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marcus runs and catches up with Ben.

MARCUS
Ben, wait up, wait up, wait up.

BEN
Marcus, no- go hang out with-

MARCUS
-No, no. I'm going with you. It's cool.

Ben smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN
Thanks, man.
(then)
Buddy, you're gonna be so psyched you did this!

MARCUS
I think I'd rather skin my own dick.

EXT. REV. ZOMBIE'S VOODOO SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Marcus move up the sidewalk to the door. The street is empty save for an older couple that passes by them.

MARCUS
Right. It's official. No more chicks.

BEN
Here it is.

Marcus excitedly and happily notices a "closed" sign.

MARCUS
They're closed!

BEN
No. They can't be closed.

MARCUS
But indeed they are. There's a big closed sign-

Ben knocks.

MARCUS (cont'd)
-and you're still knocking, alright.
(then)
This sucks.

BEN
It doesn't suck. It's gonna be cool.

MARCUS
For you 'cause you suck.

BEN
Shut-up.

CONTINUED:

One of the French doors opens. CLIVE WASHINGTON (REV. ZOMBIE) peers out, eerily. He is dressed in a Gothic white ruffled shirt, black cape, and top hat with an exotic red feather in the brim. One of his eyes has cheesy face paint over it that looks like a mime crossed with one of the Baseball Furies. An exhale of smoke comes out of his mouth.

REV. ZOMBIE
What do you want?

BEN
Um- we wanted to do a haunted swamp tour?

REV. ZOMBIE
I don't do night tours anymore. I'm not allowed to.

BEN
OK...it's just that our friends told us that you did one here last year.

REV. ZOMBIE
I can't do night tours anymore. Insurance got too high. After what happened.

MARCUS
Too bad. Let's roll.

BEN
Wait, wait.
(beyond intrigued)
Ah...what happened?

REV. ZOMBIE
Oh, you don't want to know.

BEN
I so do.

MARCUS
(to himself)
Here we go.

Rev. Zombie leans in over Ben.

CONTINUED:

REV. ZOMBIE
(over dramatic)
I had a tour group out in the swamp. Last Halloween. It was the mist of night.

BEN
Yeah...?

REV. ZOMBIE
And there was this kid...
(pointing to Marcus)
...looked kinda like you.

Marcus reacts. A little nervous.

REV. ZOMBIE (cont'd)
He got spooked by something in the marsh. He saw two eyes staring at him from them woods. It chilled him to his very marrow. He wanted to get off the boat in a hurry. And he had his foot dangling over the edge. He...

BEN
He fell in?

MARCUS
A gator got him?

BEN
-What happened?

REV. ZOMBIE
(long beat)
He slipped. Hit his head right on the roof... And sued *me* for negligence! That cocksucker!

BEN
That's it?

Clive looks down the empty street and sighs. He looks around to make sure no one is listening.

REV. ZOMBIE
Try Marie Laveau's.

MARCUS
Excuse me?

CONTINUED:

REV. ZOMBIE
Two blocks east. On Olive street.
But you didn't hear that from me.

An exotic bird squeals from inside of his shop.

REV. ZOMBIE (cont'd)
I have to go tend to me birds.

He starts to close the door, then leans back out angrily...

REV. ZOMBIE (cont'd)
Be careful walkin' on me sidewalk!

He slams the door and double locks it. Ben determinedly starts walking in the direction they were pointed in.

MARCUS
Woah, come on, man. Wait.
(pointing down the street)
It's dead as hell down there.
(pointing to Bourbon St.)
Fun party.
(pointing down the street)
Bad badness.

Ben keeps going.

MARCUS (cont'd)
This is so lame! How is this gonna help you get over her?

BEN
This whole scene back here...it's just...(SIGH)...every hot, half naked girl I see reminds me of Christine, you know? Probably getting banged by that Bulkowski guy. In her living room. Bent over that beige love seat that my mom bought her.
(then)
What happened to dating a normal guy? That guy's got a neck the size of a truck. And that whole cauliflower ear, that's weird. What is he gonna wrestle her to submission? Is he-

CONTINUED:

MARCUS
-OK. I don't want to think about Bulkowski banging your girl, anymore. I get it.

Ben looks back down the street.

BEN
Come on. This is gonna be fun.

Marcus gives in with a defeated sigh and throws his beads away.

MARCUS
Guess there ain't no chicks at the swamp, won't be needing these.

BEN
But it'll be fun.

MARCUS
About as fun as crabs.

BEN
You would know.

They begin walking down the dark street until they become two small shapes in the distance.

MARCUS
Screw that waitress from Fezziwigs!

BEN
You did.

MARCUS
I didn't know she had bugs in her bush!

BEN
She was scratching herself all night. What do you mean, you didn't know? You can't hook up with itchy chicks, Marcus. Everyone knows that.

MARCUS
She said it was a reaction to her fabric softener. OK? Alrght? I saw it. I asked.

CONTINUED:

BEN
Fabric softener.

MARCUS
Look at you, Mr. Big Shot! "Everyone knows that"! When's the last time you got laid?

They walk in silence for a few more moments.

BEN
I have sex all the-

MARCUS
-Shut-up.

EXT. MARIE LAVEAU'S HOUSE OF VOODOO - LATER

A cheesy wooden sign hangs outside of a fairly modern storefront that reads "MARIE LAVEAU'S HOUSE OF VOODOO".

Ben and Marcus walk up to the door while a girl throws up in the street, assisted by a friend who generously holds back her hair.

MARCUS
Ladies.

INT. MARIE LAVEAU'S HOUSE OF VOODOO - CONTINUOUS

Ben and Marcus enter the tiny shop. It is absolutely littered from floor to ceiling with random voodoo T shirts, books, stones, and charms. Everything is old and looks like it's been on the shelves forever. Ben eyes a row of old T-shirts that read "VICTOR CROWLEY LIVES! New Orleans, LA"

MARCUS
This is really fun.

MISTY & JENNA (O.S.)
Wooo!!!

Marcus looks up to see two more glorious sets of bare breasts in front of him.

MARCUS
-Woah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG SHAPIRO (40's, sporting a cheap leather jacket) points a dated, consumer grade video camera at a flashing MISTY (early 20's, blonde, snotty, a knockout) and a flashing JENNA (20's, dark hair, dressed like a school girl). Both girls stand with their shirts pulled up over their breasts, screaming the signature *Girls Gone Wild-esque* "Woooooo!"

SHAPIRO
Good, good, good. And ah-ah-ah...give us a kiss!

Misty and Jenna lock lips.

SHAPIRO (cont'd)
(to himself)
Yeah. You love it. You want it. You need it.
(then)
Damn. I gotta change batteries.

Instantly Misty and Jenna break.

JENNA
(pulling her shirt down)
God. Brush your teeth much?

MISTY
(pulling her shirt down)
Lick me, bitch.

JENNA
No thanks. I like my tongue without the syphilis.

MISTY
You're syphilis, "Ms. Big Words."

JENNA
(beat)
That didn't even make sense!

MISTY
Lick me!

Shapiro returns with his battery.

SHAPIRO
Misty, Jenna...you can get along for a couple more hours, can't you?

CONTINUED:

JENNA
Seriously, Doug. I can't work with...*that*. I am a professional actress. I went to NYU.

Misty breaks up laughing.

JENNA (cont'd)
What's so funny?

MISTY
Like anybody's ever even heard of that.

JENNA
New York University?!

MISTY
Never heard of it.

SHAPIRO
Alright, girls...nobody ever got discovered by being difficult. I need you guys to show me the love, alright? I need to feel the passion. We're rolling.

Shapiro looks through his camera again. The girls start hamming it up for him. They follow his every word and pose after everything he says.

SHAPIRO (cont'd)
You're sensuous...you're playful... you're curious...you're smitten...

Jenna looks bashfully at the camera. Misty stops, confused by the word "smitten". Then she strikes an awkward pose, like some sort of scary cat.

SHAPIRO (cont'd)
Don't worry about it.
(then)
Just...show me some tongue.

The girls move in to kiss again when they are interrupted by a loud and intimidating black man's voice coming from behind a beaded curtain.

SHAWN (O.S.)
Who's ready to do some haunting?

CONTINUED:

SHAWN (20's, Asian, dressed in a hokey cheap cape and top hat) steps out from behind a curtain of beads. He speaks with a deep Southern **black** accent and has a sort of larger than life 'ringmaster' way about him. A real showman.

SHAWN (cont'd)
The night will soon be upon us! The spirits of the damned are on the rise! Let's get our souls on the move, my friends!

Shawn's speech is nothing less than startlingly weird coming out of a small Asian man.

SHAWN (cont'd)
(to Ben and Marcus)
What can I do you two for?

BEN
Do you do a haunted swamp tour?

SHAWN
Why I do the ONLY Haunted Swamp Tour! Real live ghosts - oooooh! Tales of the macabre - <gasp>! And actual sites that are still damned by Voodoo curses...

MARCUS
(to Ben)
I hate you.

Shawn pulls a quarter out of Marcus' ear. Marcus wants to punch him. Ben is actually impressed with the trick.

SHAWN
Leaving right now.
(holding out hand)
Forty bones each.

BEN
Forty dollars? Alright.

Ben fishes out his wallet.

MARCUS
(to Ben)
Can you spot me?

BEN
Why, you don't have any cash?

CONTINUED:

MARCUS
No. I'm just not paying for this bullshit.

INT. MINI SCHOOL BUS (SCARE BUS) - CONTINUOUS, DAY

JAMES and SHANNON PERMATTEO (married, 50's, dressed like tourists, sporting brainwashed looking permanent smiles on their faces) sit in the front of the tiny bus.

Shapiro gets on first, followed by Misty, Jenna, Marcus, and then Ben.

MR. PERMATTEO
(to every single person)
Hello! How are you doing? Hello!

Shapiro sits across from the Permatteos and Misty takes his side. Jenna sits alone behind them.

MARCUS
(all cool to Jenna)
You mind if I sit here?

JENNA
Be my guest.

He sits next to her.

In the only other available seat sits MARYBETH (local girl, quiet, distracted, naturally beautiful). Ben stands by her seat.

BEN
So...I guess I'm sitting here?

She smiles one of those "sort of acknowledging you closed lip smiles given to the random passerby on the street because you happened to make eye contact smiles" and looks back out the window.

Ben stands there for way too long. Finally, Marcus gives him a shove with his foot and Ben nervously sits.

BEN (cont'd)
I'm Ben.

She still won't even look at him.

MARYBETH
Marybeth.

CONTINUED:

BEN
"Marybeth." That's a cool name. You know, cause it's like two names. Most people just have one and that's- kind of boring. "Ben." But "Marybeth". That's, cool cause it's "Mary" and you know..."Beth".
(then)
That's a nice coat.

Angle on Marcus, staring blankly in disbelief at Ben's efforts.

Angle back on Ben and Marybeth. Ben struggles for something more to say.

BEN (cont'd)
So do you have any pets?

SLAP! Marcus' hand slaps Ben, entering and exiting quickly from off screen. Ben quickly collects himself.

BEN (cont'd)
Are you enjoying Mardi Gras?

MARYBETH
(still focused outside)
Yup.

BEN
Couldn't find anyone brave enough to do the ghost tour with you, huh?

MARYBETH
Nope.

BEN
(nonchalantly)
Right on. Right on.
(then)
Some buddies of mine back home went on this tour and-

Marybeth finally turns to acknowledge him. She speaks with a Southern accent in a very serious, no-bullshit tone.

MARYBETH
-I'm sorry. I didn't come on this tour because I was hoping that just maybe I'd get to meet <u>you</u>.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH (cont'd)
If you don't mind I'd like to just sit and stare out this window and get my thirty dollars worth, OK?

Ben accepts the rejection...but as he figures out that he and Marcus got ripped off on the price of the tour we...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MINI SCHOOL BUS (SCARE BUS) - MONTAGE, DAY INTO NIGHT

The bus travels through the French Quarter of New Orleans. Spray painted on the sides are the words "Scare Bus". In a montage of the bus traveling, the day turns to dusk and the dusk turns to night around them. Shawn cuts through on the speaker as he drives.

SHAWN (O.S.)
(distorted / feeding back)
OK folks, I am your tour guide Shawn.

INT. MINI SCHOOL BUS (SCARE BUS) - NIGHT

Shawn speaks into a mini microphone.

SHAWN
Just sit back and get ready to enjoy some-

MARCUS
-Uh, Dawg. You don't need that thing.
(motioning to the bus)
It's like the size of a Mini Cooper.

Shawn puts the microphone down angrily, muttering to himself in Chinese and giving a dirty look in the rearview mirror.

Jenna giggles.

MARCUS (cont'd)
(feeding off of her laugh)
Like a Mini Cooper limo, you know what I mean?

He moves to introduce himself just as she does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS (cont'd)
Hey, I'm- no, go ahead, no you-

JENNA
Oh, I'm- no, go ahead, no you-

They laugh.

MARCUS (cont'd)
We are SO cute when we do that!

Jenna is totally into him.

MARCUS (cont'd)
I'm Marcus.

JENNA
Jenna.

Angle on Mr. And Mrs. Permatteo. Mr. Permatteo reaches across the way to shake hands with Shapiro.

MR. PERMATTEO
Hello there! Jim Permatteo. And this here's the Mrs. - Shannon.

MRS. PERMATTEO
How do ya do?

SHAPIRO
(trying to be nice)
Doug Shapiro. Nice to meet you.

MR. PERMATTEO
Nice camera. Making a movie?

They are clearly annoying Shapiro already.

SHAPIRO
Yup.

MR. PERMATTEO
(turns to his wife)
What do you know, Luvkins? We've got ourselves a director over here!

MRS. PERMATTEO
Oh, how exciting! What kind of movie is it?

SHAPIRO
Ever heard of Bayou Beavers?

CONTINUED:

MR. PERMATTEO
Sure.
(covering)
-No.

MRS. PERMATTEO
No.

SHAWN
OK, everyone. If ya'll take a look out the right side you'll see the legendary St. Louis Cemetery Number One.

EXT. ST. LOUIS CEMETERY NUMBER ONE - CONTINUOUS

The camera shoots out the window at an enormous stone city of mausoleums and concrete tombs as they drive past.

SHAWN (O.S.)
Founded in 178-9, this here is the resting place of the first black Mayor of New Orleans- Ernest Morial. It is also believed to be the burial site of the infamous Voodoo Queen Marie Laveau. Yes, sir.

INT. MINI SCHOOL BUS (SCARE BUS) - CONTINUOUS

Shawn continues.

SHAWN
Now, ya'll notice how we bury our dead above the ground? Well that's because with all the Voodoo curses in the air down here, the dead have a tendency to rise out of the dirt...so we like to keep 'em cemented in instead.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Shawn, excuse me, but we heard that the reason you bury them above ground is because of the water level.

SHAWN
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PERMATTEO
Yes, that's right. The water level is so high that sometimes things in the ground will rise back up to the surface.

SHAWN
No, that's not why.

MRS. PERMATTEO
But we heard-

Shawn angrily picks up the mic and yells into it.

SHAWN
-I SAID NO!

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER DOCK - LATER

Everyone files out of the bus and onto a baron dock. Shawn is looking around nervously and rushing everyone.

SHAWN
Alright folks, time is a wasting. Everyone on board. Scare Bus to Scare Boat. No time for dilly dallying. Gotta beat the rush.

A loan, rickety wooden boat is tied to the edge of the dock. On the side is spray painted "Scare Boat". There is a covering over the top- with major holes in it and a decapitated Jesus head on the bow.

Marybeth immediately climbs on board with no fear.

BEN
(to Marcus)
Dude. *That's* the boat?

SHAPIRO
OK, let's see something girls, huh?

Jenna and Misty, whip up their shirts for Shapiro's camera and give an annoying "Woooo!".

Angle on Mr. And Mrs. Permatteo as they watch the nudity. Mrs. Permatteo is repulsed. Mr. Permatteo is captivated.

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO (O.S.) (cont'd)
You're silly...you're tough...you're cute...you've got a secret...

INT. SCARE BOAT - CONTINUOUS

As they settle into the boat and begin to cast off, angle on a lone row boat further back in the river. A bearded fisherman (JACK CRACKER) stands there in a rain coat staring at them. He holds a plastic container in one hand and a six pack of beer rests at his feet. He is missing one of his eyes.

JACK CRACKER
HEY! YOU THERE! HELLO!?

Mrs. Permatteo notices him far off in the distance.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Um, Mr. Shawn? I think that man is trying to talk to you.

Shawn glances in the man's direction but keeps trying to start the boat.

SHAWN
Oh, no, no, ha-ha.

JACK CRACKER
HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!?

MRS. PERMATTEO
What's he saying?

SHAWN
Oh, that guy? Don't mind him. That's just Jack Cracker.

JENNA
Jack Cracker?

SHAWN
Yeah. One of the local alligator hunters. Just...sits there...yells things...drinks his own piss...he's you know...cracked.

Angle on Jack Cracker.

CONTINUED:

JACK CRACKER
STOP! THE SWAMP IS CLOSED! HEY!

Jack tries to whistle but nothing comes out.

JACK CRACKER (cont'd)
THE SWAMP IS HAUNTED! VICTOR CROWLEY-

BEN
What's he saying?

Marybeth looks away nervously as Shawn throws the engine into gear, drowning out Jack Cracker.

SHAWN
OK, here we go. Everyone wave bye bye to Jack.

The group starts waving excitedly to Jack Cracker as they speed off into the night.

EVERYONE
So long, Jack! / Bye Mr. Cracker! / WOOOOO! / Later dude!

Angle on Jack Cracker as they disappear.

JACK CRACKER
Y'all gonna die.

He takes a swig from a plastic container that looks vaguely similar to a *urinal* and smacks his lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - LATER

The boat slowly moves down the river with a search light lighting the way in front of it.

SHAWN
Remember, you don't need to keep all of your fingers and toes on board...just the ones you want to keep. Heh-heh, that's right! There's big alligators in these here waters.
(then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN (cont'd)
Hey, now check it out ya'll, off to the left you'll see something you don't see everyday but I do...real live cypress trees! Hey, what did the Spanish moss say to the cypress? "Mind if I hang around?" Heh-heh, sometimes I'll tell that joke in espanol.

MR. PERMATTEO
Hey there, isn't the cypress the Louisiana state tree?

SHAWN
Well I bet it sure is.

MR. PERMATTEO
That's right, since 1963- the bald cypress.

SHAWN
Woah now, only room for one tour guide on this boat now. Now we're gonna move into the part of the swamp with the scary ghosts, ya'll. So I need everyone to be over-enthusiastic, or you'll wind up over-board!

The group is already over Shawn's attempt at "humor."

SHAWN (cont'd)
Now, here on the Mississippi bayou, hundreds of fishermen and old pirates have lost their lives. And if we're lucky we might be able to see their souls floating over the waters where they up and died!

At the back of the boat...

MARCUS
(to Ben)
This is beat.

BEN
Come on man, give it a break. This is fun.

MARCUS
About as fun as a bag of dicks.
(then)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS (cont'd)
This is beat as hell! The only thing scary is "Uncle Remis meets Bruce Lee" up there. I feel like I'm in "Enter The Song Of The South" or some shit.

BEN
What about your new girly here, huh?

Angle on Jenna.

MARCUS
She's alright. But it's not like I'm pulling any ass on this stupid boat.

BEN
Well, lay the ground work and set it up for later.

MARCUS
Like you and whatsherface? "That's a nice coat." That was classic.

BEN
Hmph. About as classic as...
(beat)
About as classic as...when-
(beat)
I got nothing.

MARCUS
Exactly.

Back up front...

SHAWN
Now, coming up ya'll can see an old house with a barn behind it.

The spotlight shines across a house, but it's far off in the distance. And it doesn't look more than 10 years old. In fact it looks like a fake prop.

SHAWN (cont'd)
That right there was the home of a real famous Louisiana legend. Victor Crowley. "
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAWN (cont'd)
Hatchet Face!" Legend is that he was a deformed man who's own father went nuts and whacked him in the face with a hatchet one night. Probably 'cause he was so ugly. Or something. Anyway- he died. And so the story goes that if you're ever near the old Crowley place late at night- you can still hear old Victor Crowley cryin' for his Daddy.
(whining)
"Da-dy". Ya'll hear that?
(again, more whiney)
"DA-DY-" I done heard it again!

MARYBETH
That's not the story.

SHAWN
Well, that's the gist of it.

MARYBETH
That's not even the house.

Shawn drops the black accent.

SHAWN
Christ, will you just let me do my job?!
(then)
(*SWEARS IN FULL-ON CHINESE*)!!

The boat keeps chugging along in silence. Everyone shoots each other a look. Weirded out by Shawn.

SHAWN (cont'd)
(Southern Black voice)
Ya'll try the crawfish yet?

Marcus turns to Ben, faking an enormous smile.

MARCUS
I am so psyched I did this.

After a moment.

BEN
That fade you had in high school.

MARCUS
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN
About as classic as that fade you had in high-

MARCUS
-Too late, man. You still on classic?

SHAWN
Are you all ready to see something really scary? Huh? Are you all ready? Everyone who's ready say "OH YEAH!"

The boat is silent. They hate Shawn.

SHAWN (cont'd)
OK, I'm gonna do it anyway. Here we go. Folks, I'm gonna shut the light off for a second and once your eyes adjust- you'll be able to see some of the ghost lights hovering above the water over to the right at Kwaj Island.

The light goes out. Only the sound of the occasional water droplets off of the tin roof and the faint sounds of crickets can be heard.

JENNA
I don't see anything.

SHAWN
Wait 'til your eyes adjust.

MISTY
They're adjusted. There's just nothing there.

SHAPIRO
Hey, can we get those lights going again? You're killing all my camera shots.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Oh, Jim- look! I see something.

Off by the shore, two soft green lights can be seen glowing over the water. They're beautiful. But eerie.

CONTINUED:

SHAWN
(proudly)
See? Right there! Not one, but TWO ghosts! I told ya'll!

MR. PERMATTEO
Isn't that just a chemical reaction from the water and the gasses-

SHAWN
No, man! They're ghosts. Look!

MARCUS
Nah, Bro. Those are marsh vapors. I've seen this on TV.

SHAWN
Oh, why'd ya'll even come then? They're GHOSTS!

MARCUS
Oh, you're right.
(then)
Except, NO?

Everyone on the boat chuckles at his joke. Marcus looks over to Jenna for approval...but then notices her quickly scratch herself between her legs.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Damnit.

SHAWN
Now, that spot is where Captain John Donovan supposedly buried a trunk full of treasure. Legend says that he left two of his crew behind to guard it, but he cut off their legs so that they couldn't run away.

SHAPIRO
That's a stupid story.

SHAWN
Fine.

Shawn snaps the spotlight back on. As the light hits the shore, **A SHAPE** instantly **DARTS** out of the light.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Jim, did you see that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PERMATTEO
I did. What was that?

SHAWN
Oh-ho! It could be one of the more active spirits we sometimes catch after it rains. Oooooh! Spooooky!

Shawn, starts up the engine.

Shapiro lifts his camera towards the girls.

SHAPIRO
Perfect! Hey, who wants to be in the Halloween video? Come on girls!

Misty and Jenna grumble and then put on their happy faces and flash.

JENNA / MISTY
Woooo!!!

As soon as they are done they cover up again miserably.

JENNA
(to Misty)
Your "wooo" is so not in the moment.

MISTY
Yeah, well your nipples are dumb.

Angle on Ben as he turns around towards Marybeth.

BEN
This is pretty cool.
(then)
It's cold.

Marybeth's eyes are glued to the shore line. It's almost as if she's searching for something.

BEN (cont'd)
Not much of a talker, huh?

MARYBETH
I ain't here to make friends.

(CONTINUED)

BEN
"Friends". You must be a local. I didn't think locals did this touristy stuff.

MARYBETH
We don't.

BEN
No. Of course. Yeah. No. Yeah, I wouldn't do it either. Normally. It's just some buddies of mine from college told me it was cool. So I figured, what the hell. Check out the swamp. Enjoy the activities- I'm gonna be honest with you right now. I just got dumped by my girlfriend of eight years and my friends took me down here to help get my mind off of it.

Marcus, eyes still closed, slaps himself in the head.

BEN (cont'd)
We were together since the 7th grade May Dance and then all of a sudden...she says she needs space! What does that even mean in girl language? Space? But whatever...I figured I'm gonna get my mind off of it, relax a-

CRACK! The boat comes to a halt. A grinding sound rips across the bottom.

Marcus snaps up in his seat.

MARCUS
What happened?

Shawn shines the spotlight down in front of the boat. A fallen shoreline tree is stretched in front of them. Sticking out of the water are some sharp looking rocks.

The boat is stuck on the rocks.

Shawn kills the engine.

SHAWN
Oh, nothing, we just uh...got stuck.

CONTINUED:

MRS. PERMATTEO
Stuck? On what?

SHAWN
Some rocks or something, I don't know. Here someone give me a hand.

Mr. Permatteo and Ben move up to the front of the boat. Shawn steps out and onto the tree root.

SHAWN (cont'd)
Help me push the boat off.

BEN
Is this a part of every tour?

SHAWN
Relax. It's all good.

BOOM! Rain begins pouring down around them. It pounds on the tin roof of the boat and in through the holes above them.

Shawn, Mr. Permatteo, and Ben push and push but the boat will not budge.

Misty breaks out her cell phone. No bars.

MISTY
Damn it.

JENNA
Oh, who were you gonna call? Daddy?

MISTY
Shut up you nasty bitch. I'd call the police and they'd send someone.

JENNA
Who?

MISTY
The cops! Duh!?

JENNA
The *police* are gonna send the *cops*? They're the same thing!

MISTY
No they're not! There's a difference!

CONTINUED:

JENNA
Nu-uh!

MISTY
Yeah-huh!

Shawn interjects.

SHAWN
Woah- woah, ladies. I'll get us unstuck. No need to be calling 'the man'.

BEN
Marcus- a little help, maybe?

MARCUS
This sucks.

Marcus moves up to the front with Ben and Shawn and tries to help.

A stack of note cards fall out of Shawn's pocket onto the wet floor.

Shapiro looks them over.

SHAPIRO
Not very familiar with your stories yet, huh?

MR. PERMATTEO
Shawn, how many of these tours have you done?

SHAWN
Oh, I've done a bunch.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Oh Jim, this is a fine how do ya do.

MISTY
Ew! My feet are getting wet!

The bottom of the boat has a big gash in it where it struck the rocks. Water is pouring in and flooding the boat.

SHAWN
(SWEARS IN CHINESE)!

CONTINUED:

JENNA
Are we sinking?

SHAWN
No! We're not sinking!

Water rushes over the sides of the boat.

SHAPIRO
Well it certainly looks like it now, doesn't it!?

MR. PERMATTEO
Everyone calm down! This tree that we're stuck on goes all the way to the shore. Maybe there's a road or a phone or something?

MISTY
Out here? In the middle of nowhere?

MR. PERMATTEO
Well, we can't stay here.

MRS. PERMATTEO
No no Jim, I think we should stay here and wait for help.

BEN
There's gotta be another tour boat coming through soon, right?

They all look at Shawn.

SHAWN
Probably not. It's...raining pretty bad.

At the back of the boat, Marybeth is scouring the shoreline. She is clearly looking for something and getting nervous.

MR. PERMATTEO
Luvkins, we can walk right across this tree to the shore.

MRS. PERMATTEO
But it looks dangerous.

CONTINUED:

MARCUS
(to Ben)
I could be at a bar.

Mr. Permatteo steps onto the branch.

MR. PERMATTEO
Here. Watch me.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Jim, no! Wait!

Mr. Permatteo begins carefully side stepping his way across the giant tree.

His foot slips- but he regains his balance.

MR. PERMATTEO
(calling back to the boat)
Woah! OK, it's a little slippery
so you have to watch your step.
But I think in an electrical storm
that we'll all be safer if-

SLAM! Mr. Permatteo slips and falls on the branch. He straddles it with his crotch. His legs dip into the water. **SNAP!** An alligator leaps out of the water below Mr. Permatteo and grabs him by the leg.

MR. PERMATTEO (cont'd)
AHHH!

MRS. PERMATTEO
JIM!

Everyone on the boat begins screaming.

MR. PERMATTEO
SOMEONE HELP ME!

The gator begins to thrash and twist. A snapping sound is heard as his leg breaks.

MR. PERMATTEO (cont'd)
IT'S GOT MY LEG! OH, NO- IT'S
GONNA TAKE MY LEG OFF!

BOOM! A gunshot rings through the air and the water explodes by Mr. Permatteo's leg.

MARCUS
WOAH!

CONTINUED:

Everyone on the boat turns. Marybeth stands there with a 9mm pistol in her hands.

MARYBETH
Get him to the shore! With his blood in the water this whole place is gonna be a feeding frenzy!

The passengers stand frozen in fear of her gun.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
MOVE!

They all jump to action and begin scrambling to get off of the boat.

SHAWN
Come on, everyone off the boat! It's sinking.

MISTY
No way- I am not going out there!

SHAPIRO
Oh, you're going out there!

Ben and Shawn help Mr. Permatteo across.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Jim! Jim? Is he OK? Jim?

BEN
He's fine! He's OK!

Jenna begins to cry.

MARCUS
Come on, shhhh. It's alright, don't cry. I'll help you.

Marcus takes Jenna with one hand and Mrs. Permatteo with the other and helps them across.

They reach the other side and Shawn helps them down.

Back at the boat, Shapiro gathers up his equipment. Misty nervously begins crawling on her hands and knees across the branch. Marybeth stands behind her.

SHAPIRO
Come on, stand up!

MISTY
I can't!

MARYBETH
You need to stand-up! It's safer the higher up you get.

MISTY
I don't want to!

The water in the boat is over Shapiro's shoes now.

MARYBETH
Stand-up!

Misty is stalled halfway across the branch crying.

MISTY
I can't!

BEN
Misty! Hey! Look at me! Look at me! You can do this. Just walk across.

Water floods the boat now.

SHAPIRO
Hurry up!

Marybeth lifts Misty to her feet and the two begin walking together.

Shapiro steps on the branch behind them.

Too much weight. It **SNAPS**!

Misty falls in the water right by the shore, but Marybeth and Shapiro fall much deeper in the river.

BEN
Get out of the water! Swim!

The group screams and yells to them from the shore.

Marybeth is just a few feet in front of Shapiro. Both are frantically trying to get their footing in the muck.

Behind Shapiro we see something cut through the water and thrash behind him.

A tail!

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO
What was that?

BEN
Don't turn around! Don't look!
Come on!! Swim! FASTER! Swim!

Marybeth reaches the muddy shoreline and runs into Ben's arms. Shapiro swims for his life.

Everyone on the shore screams for him.

SHAWN
Come on! SWIM!

Shapiro reaches the shore and keeps running all the way into the bushes.

SHAPIRO
AHHHHHH!!!

The alligator turns and swims away.

MARCUS
(to Shawn)
Good going, Jackass!

SHAWN
Hey, screw you!

Marybeth cuts between them.

MARYBETH
We need to keep moving. Gators can walk on land, too. Go!

SHAWN
(pointing at the boat)
But...my hat.

Quickly, Ben and Marcus lift up Mr. Permatteo and walk him deeper into the woods. The rest of the group, sobbing, quickens the pace around them.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

After a few moments they stop and rest in a dryer patch of leaves surrounded by thick branches that are thinning the rain out.

CONTINUED:

Shawn and Marcus take turns applying pressure on Mr. Permatteo's leg. The rain stops around them.

MARCUS
Does someone want to tell me what the hell is going on? Someone wanna explain why 'Janie's got a gun'?!

SHAWN
Why *do* you have a gun?

MARYBETH
Why should I tell YOU, you little con artist!

Shawn's deep southern black accent is now gone for good. An Asian accent comes through fully now.

SHAWN
OK. I'm gonna be honest. I just moved down from Detroit. My brother here hooked me up with this touristy gig- said I'd make a ton of dough- I said I'd try it out.

SHAPIRO
How many tours have you done?

BEN
More importantly, how many BOATS have you ever driven?

SHAWN
Look, I did one tour last night and then I did this one here tonight, alright?
(then)
The boat didn't sink last night!

MISTY
I can't believe this!

SHAWN
But what the hell does SHE have a GUN for?! That's what I want to know!

MARYBETH
Because I'm looking for another boat.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH (cont'd)
My daddy and my brother went out hunting on this river two nights ago and they never came back. Cops said they're off on a bender somewhere- but I know that isn't what happened.

SHAWN
So you go on a ghost tour? How does that make sense?

MARYBETH
Well thirty bucks for a boat ride was a hell of a lot cheaper then getting my own boat, wasn't it?

MISTY
That still doesn't explain the gun!

BEN
Yeah, and why her ticket was only *thirty* bucks.

MARYBETH
I have a gun because these woods aren't safe. Besides-
(pointing at Permatteo)
-it just saved HIS life!

MRS. PERMATTEO
Stop! My husband needs help!

Marybeth starts pacing back and forth.

MARYBETH
Come on. We have to get him help and we need to get out of these woods.

SHAPIRO
Who made you the leader?

JENNA
I think we should call for help and stay right here.

MISTY
(checks her phone)
No bars! I hate the South!

Marcus looks up from Mr. Permatteo's leg.

CONTINUED:

MARCUS
I don't think we should move him right now.

MARYBETH
Well we HAVE to!

MARCUS
He's bleeding pretty bad. We can't carry him all the way home-

MARYBETH
-If we don't get out of these woods right now...we're all gonna die!

Everyone is silenced by her morbid words. She is stoic. Spooked.

SHAWN
What are you talking about?

MARYBETH
These are his woods.

BEN
Who's woods?

MARYBETH
Victor Crowley.

SHAPIRO
Enough with the stories already!

MARYBETH
Ya'll don't even know where you are.

SHAWN
I already told you-

Ben silences Shawn.

BEN
(to Shawn)
Shut up. You're not even from here.
(to Marybeth)
...Where are we?

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
It was like a dirty secret.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - DAY - YEARS AGO

A double edged hatchet SLAMS down on a piece of wood. Cut wider to reveal MR. CROWLEY chopping wood outside of his house. The camera slowly moves past him and towards the window.

MARYBETH (V.O.)
Victor Crowley was born horribly disfigured. His daddy kept him hidden away in his house where no one would see him.

The camera reaches the window just in time to see the upper right side of a face and one non-pigmented eye duck down below the window frame again.

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT - YEARS AGO

Mr. Crowley sits down at the kitchen table next to YOUNG VICTOR CROWLEY. He bumps into the kitchen table light as he sits, making it swing back and forth over the table.

MARYBETH (V.O.)
They lived like that for years. Keeping to themselves. Alone.

The overhead light just barely illuminates Young Victor Crowley's face as he struggles to eat the grits being put in his mouth. Food and drool slide down his disfigured chin.

EXT. COUNTRY STORE - DAY - YEARS AGO

Mr. Crowley pulls up in his beat up old 57 red Ford pick-up truck. He gets out of the car and walks inside.

MARYBETH (V.O.)
Victor was scared to death of other kids. They teased him and tortured him- like kids do. They were so cruel.

Instantly three children run up to the car and stare inside. They bang on the glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG VICTOR (wearing a hood that covers his face) convulses and twitches- terrified. He finally snaps his head towards them and we catch a glimpse of his face. The children step back in horror.

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLOWEEN NIGHT - YEARS LATER

A Jack-o'-lantern burns in the mist outside of the house.

A group of TEENAGERS IN HALLOWEEN MASKS step out of the bushes in front of the house.

MARYBETH (V.O.)
Then, years later, on Halloween night- some teenagers came to the house. They were trying to get a look at him...to scare him out of the house...

The teens start throwing cherry bombs at the house and lighting off firecrackers.

Inside the house, VICTOR CROWLEY's lurking silhouette looks out the window at the kids. He is now full grown.

The front door goes up in an explosion of flames just as Mr. Crowley pulls up in the driveway and the children scatter. He runs towards the house as the teenagers flee into the woods.

MARYBETH (V.O.)
Mr. Crowley got home and he tried and tried to get inside- but the door was on fire. He could hear Victor screaming inside but he couldn't get in.

Mr. Crowley runs to the tree stump.

MARYBETH (V.O.)
So he ran and got himself a hatchet. And he started chopping at that door.

Mr. Crowley whacks away at the front door.

MARYBETH (V.O.)
But Victor was pressed up against the other side. Trying to get out.

CONTINUED:

On the inside we see the back of Victor, long scraggly and sporadic hair smoldering in the flames. He is screaming and crying for his Daddy.

The blade of the hatchet cuts through the door and down into Victor's face. His scream is cut short...

MARYBETH
And it was an accident...but...
He hit him in the face with that hatchet.

Angle on Mr. Crowley's devastated face through the door.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
And poor Victor Crowley died.

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Crowley sits in a chair by himself. Years of depression and guilt consume his face. A sickly, maniacal stare is in his tear filled eyes.

MARYBETH (V.O.)
The old man became a recluse after that. He never left his house. Just sat there for almost ten years before he finally died of a broken heart.

Mr. Crowley fades away out of the chair, leaving it empty.

EXT. WOODS - PRESENT

The group listens.

MARYBETH
And from that point on, people started disappearing in this swamp. Locals and hunters say that sometimes, if you get close enough to the Crowley house...you can still hear Victor Crowley crying for his Daddy in the woods. They say he's come back. Wandering the swamp at night- with that hatchet slash across his face.
(she addresses Ben)
This whole part of the river is illegal to even be in!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH (cont'd)
It has been for years. That's why there's no other tour boats.
(pointing at Shawn)
And THAT'S why he took you this way. So he wouldn't get caught running his phony business.
(then, looking down)
And that's why I came.

BEN
To find your father?

MARYBETH
And my brother. They started coming down this way to hunt gators last week. They thought they'd catch more, being the only boat in a closed off swamp. I told them not to come-

Shawn gets in her face.

SHAWN
-And so you think a ghost got your family? That is so stupid! Look around. There's no one in these woods!

MARYBETH
Yes. There is.

SHAPIRO
They probably got stuck just like we did and had to walk all the way home. Right now they're probably sitting in a Denny's or something.

MARCUS
(trying to help)
Moons Over My Hammy, yo.

SHAWN
Besides! We're nowhere near the Crowley house! I already told you it was on the other side of the river over 2 miles ago!

MARYBETH
That wasn't the house.

SHAWN
How do you know?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
(pointing)
Because that is.

Thunder **BOOMS** across the woods as they turn and look. Just 100 yards away up on the hill sits a dilapidated old house. The front is blackened, withered and worn. The barn is just a giant mess of rotted wood.

Everyone's heart collectively stops.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
I told ya'll the truth. I don't care who believes it.

JENNA
You are really starting to freak me out, alright!? I just want to go home!

SHAPIRO
(aside to Shawn)
Tell me this is part of the tour.

SHAWN
Oh yeah. I sink the boat every night. It's hilarious.

SHAPIRO
I want my money back.

BEN
OK, there's gotta be a road around here or something...?

Marybeth points past the Crowley house. Thunder **BOOMS** again.

BEN (cont'd)
(to himself)
Oh, shit.

MISTY
I don't want to go that way! I'm not going that way!

MRS. PERMATTEO
If it's the quickest way, then that's the way we're going!
(to Marybeth)
Why couldn't you just keep your stories to yourself, huh?
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MRS. PERMATTEO (cont'd)
We're not in enough trouble you had to scare the pants off everyone, too?

MARYBETH
I'm trying to help you! Ya'll need to know the truth!

MRS. PERMATTEO
Bologna!

MARCUS
(to Shawn)
Here, you help me lift him up.

Shawn and Marcus each take a side of Mr. Permatteo. Everyone starts moving towards the house slowly.

Marybeth keeps her gun in her hands.

After a few moments, Ben moves back to Marybeth.

BEN
We're all gonna be fine. We'll get him help and we'll all go home.

MARYBETH
Stay close to me.

Ben moves in and takes stride next to her.

BEN
You're really scared of that story, huh? You know- it's just a myth. Everyone has them. Bigfoot, the Loch Ness Monster-

MARYBETH
-Please stop talking.

BEN
-OK.

The camera flies ahead, where Shapiro walks with Jenna and Misty.

JENNA
I can't believe I'm out here in a swamp. I bet Julia Roberts never had to do this before she got Mystic Pizza.

CONTINUED:

MISTY
Do you believe that Victor-whatever story?

SHAPIRO
Absolutely not. I don't trust anyone around here. I mean, these people sleep exclusively with their own families.

The camera flies up to the front of the group, where Shawn and Marcus carry Mr. Permatteo. Mrs. Permatteo walks behind them.

Shawn tries to put on the southern black accent again.

SHAWN
Yo, why is it that the crackers are back there with the honeys, and the two brothers gotta carry the injured dude?

Shawn laughs. Marcus doesn't.

Shawn goes back to the Asian accent.

SHAWN (cont'd)
I am so sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen.

MARCUS
I just want to get to a road. Then I'm gonna woop your ass.

Shawn laughs again. Marcus does not.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Jim? How are you doing, baby?

MR. PERMATTEO
(shivering)
I'm so cold. Lord, it hurts like a son of a gun.

MARCUS
(yelling back to Marybeth)
Hey, how much further is the road past the house?

The camera flies past Shapiro and the girls, back to where Ben and Marybeth walk.

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
(yelling up to him)
I don't know. A few miles?

The camera flies back up to Shawn.

SHAWN
(yelling back to Marybeth)
A few MILES? Are you kidding me?!

The camera begins to fly back to Marybeth but halts on Shapiro and the girls suddenly when through the cold night we hear in the rear surround sound speakers of the theater...

VOICE
Daaaaa.....deeeeee.....

They all freeze.

Only the sound of the rain dripping from the trees around them can be heard. No one even looks at each other.

MISTY
(whispered)
Did you-

SHAPIRO
Shhh!

Nothing.

Branches and leaves whistle in the wind.

Then...unmistakably...

VOICE
Daaaa.....deeeeeee!

MISTY
I wanna go home.

Marcus and Shawn instantly let go of Mr. Permatteo and begin speed walking in the reverse direction. Jenna, Misty, and Shapiro follow suit. They gather around Marybeth and Ben.

Mrs. Permatteo puts her husband's arm around her and tries to support his weight as Shawn also begins slowly retreating.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Oh, you're all a bunch of cowards!

CONTINUED:

She keeps moving towards the house with her husband dragging his leg behind her.

MRS. PERMATTEO (cont'd)
Hello!? Is there anyone home? Someone help us! We need help!

MARYBETH
Please, stop! We shouldn't have gone this way. We need to turn around!

SHAPIRO
And go where? Back in the water?

MARYBETH
(calling ahead to the Permatteos)
Stop! We should stay together!
(to Ben)
We need to stop them.

Up ahead the Permatteos are approaching the house.

BEN
(yelling to them)
Come on. You can't carry him all by yourself!

Lightning strikes somewhere in the swamp, illuminating the night for a few seconds.

BEN (cont'd)
Stop! We need to stick together!

As the Permatteos get closer to the house, we see there is no front door on it. Just a pair of rusted hinges hanging from the charred wood surrounding the blackness inside the house.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Hang in there, Jim. We don't need those loonies!
(yelling back at them)
THOSE COWARDS!
(back to Jim)
It's going to be fine. We have the lord with us, baby. The good lord will protect us.

As lightning lights up the sky, we can see inside the door frame.

CONTINUED:

VICTOR CROWLEY charges out of the house full speed at them! We catch a glimpse of his disfigured face. Long pieces of hair dangle down randomly over his shoulders. A double edged hatchet is in his enormous right hand.

In less then a second he is on top of the Permatteos.

The others begin screaming and running for the woods. Shapiro pushes Misty forward and turns to save himself.

SHAPIRO
AHHHH!!!!

Mrs. Permatteo drops her husband as she tries to turn them both around.

MRS. PERMATTEO
Help!!

Victor Crowley is on top of the wounded Jim in a flash. He raises the hatchet above his head and strikes it down over and over again at Mr. Permatteo's shoulder.

Mrs. Permatteo turns and runs as fast as she can.

Everyone stands by the trees screaming.

THOCK! THOCK! RRRRIP!

MR. PERMATTEO
(gurgling)
Oh god! Ahh! Arrr-

Behind Mrs. Permatteo, we see Victor stand up.

In his hands is the top half of Mr. Permatteo's upper body. Just his head, neck, right shoulder, and arm. He tosses it aside and begins running at Mrs. Permatteo.

He is franticly twitching. And he is FAST! He's on top of her in just a few short strides.

Victor grabs onto Mrs. Permatteo's head and yanks her back to him.

With one hand over her face and his fingers in her mouth across her upper jaw- and with the other hand across her chin with his fingers in her mouth across her lower jaw...

CRRRRACK! He splits her head in two at the joint!

CONTINUED:

Her tongue thrashes about, searching for the rest of her head.

Marybeth raises her gun.

A flash of lightning illuminates the forest and we catch another brief glimpse of Victor Crowley's hideous face. His enormous body lurks as if he stands a full 7 feet.

BAM! Marybeth takes a shot at Victor but misses him completely.

He looks up at the people running into the woods and makes eye contact with Marybeth and **BAM!** she fires again.

HIT! Victor falls down on his back and lies still in the lawn as Marybeth turns and runs into the woods after everyone else.

HARD CUT TO BLACK.

After a beat...CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Marybeth runs as fast as her legs will carry her. Branches scrape across her face and slice across her jeans.

Finally she comes to a stop. She whirls around- looking for a sign of anyone else.

<u>SUDDENLY</u>- Ben grabs onto her shoulders. Marybeth spins around and puts her gun against his face.

BEN / MARYBETH
Don't shoot, it's me! / AHHH!

MARYBETH
Where is everyone?

BEN
I don't know.

Jenna and Misty come out from a group of bushes. Shawn stands up behind them.

SHAWN
We're over here. What happened?

MARYBETH
I shot him.

CONTINUED:

MISTY
You shot him? I thought he was a ghost? Can you shoot a ghost? You can't shoot a ghost!

BEN
Did you kill him?!

MARYBETH
I don't know. He fell down.

MISTY
This isn't happening!

BEN
Wait? Where's Marcus?

From the trees above Marcus shouts down.

MARCUS
Up here!

BEN
Get down here. Let's go!

MARCUS
No way man. I'm staying right here! This is bullshit! This is FUCKED UP!

MARYBETH
What can you see from up there?

MARCUS
I can see that there ain't no dead Elephant Man coming to get me!

MARYBETH
Do you see a road? Lights?

Off in the distance, miles away- the twinkling lights and commotion from Bourbon Street can vaguely be seen.

MARCUS
Uh- I think I see downtown, but I don't know.

MARYBETH
How far is it? What direction?

Marcus points South.

CONTINUED:

MARCUS
That way. But it's far. Way too far!

BEN
What about a road? Do you see any cars?

MARCUS
Man, it's dark - it's wet - and I can't see shit!

JENNA
Wait, where's Shapiro?

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Shapiro runs aimlessly through the wet brush. He is winded and wheezing, his heart pounding.

His camera bag gets tangled on a branch and he drops it behind him.

He dives underneath a bush to hide.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Misty calls out for Shapiro.

MISTY
DOUG! HEY, SHAPIRO!!? Where are you?

Shawn puts his hand over her mouth.

SHAWN
Keep it down!

MARYBETH
We need to keep moving.

JENNA
We can't just leave him out here!

MARYBETH
Then why don't you just run off and go find him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA
(beat, then)
That was mean.

MARYBETH
(to Misty)
Try your phone.

Misty searches in her skimpy pants for her phone. It's nowhere to be found.

MISTY
I dropped it.

JENNA
You lost it?! MORON!

MISTY
Shut up, skank!

Shawn steps in.

SHAWN
Enough! He couldn't have gotten very far. Let's go.

BEN
Marcus! Come on, let's go!

MARCUS
No way! I'm staying right here!

BEN
No need to panic. Just come down. We gotta go get help.

Marcus gives him the middle finger.

BEN (cont'd)
Fine. We'll send someone for you tomorrow.
(to the others)
Let's go.

They start to walk away.

MARCUS
Hold up! Hold up! I'm coming!
Damnit.

He begins to scale down the tree.

CONTINUED:

MARCUS (cont'd)
(to himself)
I'm not even supposed to be here right now. What's wrong with us? I'm supposed to be looking at some titties. How the fuck did I get up this goddamn tree? Woah-

Suddenly he slips and falls down out of frame. Off screen we hear the sound of his body hitting EVERY branch of the tree (for entirely too long) and then finally the ground.

MARCUS (cont'd) (O.S.)
This is bullshit.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Shapiro sits in silence in the bushes. He hears another **SNAP** as another twig breaks.

SHAPIRO
(hysterics)
Oh shit. Oh shit.

SNAP! A branch cracks somewhere in front of him. He holds his breath and covers his mouth. Eyes darting back and forth, trying to focus through the dark.

A few seconds pass. Only the sound of rain.

He starts to climb out from the bushes when **WHOOSH!** A huge lurking shape passes by right in front of him. He backs into the bushes and covers his mouth again.

After a moment he looks to the right- in the direction that the shape had just moved.

There is nothing there.

He leaps out from the bushes and begins running to the left when- **SLAM!**

He runs right into Victor Crowley. His face stares directly into Victor's heaving chest.

Shapiro begins to scream, but Victor's giant hands slowly turn his head all the way around. His neck crunches loudly and his eyes bulge in his sockets. With a ripping sound, Victor's hands pull Shapiro's head off of his shoulders...only the stretched skin loosely holds it in place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It falls backward, dangling by the shreds of skin still connecting it. As the blood spurts out by the gallon, the body finally falls to the ground.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The group slowly makes their way through the woods.

MISTY
If you shot him, aren't we safe now? Maybe he's not a ghost. Maybe he's just some sick twisted backwoods hick who just like...snapped and went on a killing spree.

JENNA
(agreeing, to Marybeth)
Yeah, and now he's dead cause she shot him.

MISTY
(snapping at Jenna)
-Get your own theories! GOD!

MARYBETH
(to Misty)
A backwoods hick, huh? Who says it wasn't some spoiled <u>city</u> brat who went crazy after doing soft core porn to get back at her parents?

MISTY
OK, for your information- I am from the valley, not the <u>city</u>.

MARYBETH
Victor Crowley is real. My momma always said that...sometimes if a person dies all traumatic like...their spirit can kinda just just get stuck in the night they died.

BEN
Do you mean like a poltergeist? A ghost that can physically move things?

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
I mean like a ghost who can rip someone to pieces right in front of you.

MARCUS
I just want to get the hell out of here.
(to Shawn)
And you know what, "Jackie Tucker"? Your tour sucks my ass.

Shawn gets in Marcus' face.

SHAWN
What did you just call me?

MARCUS
You heard me.

SHAWN
Say it again!

MARCUS
I'll say it all night, you fake Jackie Chan, Chris Tucker- I think I hear a little Emmeril, you confused, wannabe-

Shawn looses the Asian accent and speaks with his <u>real American voice</u> for the first time.

SHAWN
-Why don't you just get off my case, asshole?! It was an accident for Christ's sake!

The group stops and stares at him. He's busted. Again.

SHAWN (cont'd)
OK, look. I'm gonna be completely and totally honest with you guys-

Marcus clocks Shawn in the side of the face. Instantly they are rumbling on the ground.

They both get a few good hits in on each other before Ben pulls Marcus off of Shawn.

SHAWN (cont'd)
This isn't my fault!

CONTINUED:

MARCUS
Oh, really?!

SHAWN
Yes, really! What, you think I actually believed any of those lame-ass ghost stories?

MARCUS
Well, I'm believing it now! Did you see that shit back there?

Jenna interrupts. She holds up Shapiro's camera bag for all to see.

JENNA
Guys! Guys!

Misty walks over to her.

MISTY
I bet this means Shapiro was here.

JENNA
What a genius! You know the vibrator goes in your cooch and not your ear, right?

MISTY
Hey, why don't you suck your dad off again, bitch?

JENNA
I will right after you're done!

MISTY
Fine!

JENNA
Good!

They separate. Neither one of them really gets what they just said, but they are both confident that they "won".

Ben takes the bag and opens it up.

BEN
Anybody got a lighter?

Misty flicks her lighter and Marybeth covers it from the rain.

JENNA
What are you doing?

CONTINUED:

Ben digs through the bag. He lifts out the camera and water pours out of it. He tosses it aside and removes a handful of DV tape cases. He removes a small flashlight.

BEN
Looking for this.

He hands it to Marcus.

Next, Ben pulls out some soggy X-rated magazines and a wallet. Inside he finds Shapiro's driver's license.

BEN (cont'd)
(reading)
Samuel M. Barratt?

MISTY
What's that?

BEN
Shapiro. That's his driver's license.

He shows them the driver's license. It's Shapiro's picture- but it reads SAMUEL M. BARRATT.

JENNA
What?

Ben keeps digging in the wallet pockets.

BEN
Let's see...credit card- 'Samuel M. Barratt', ten bucks, a condom...business cards...

He reads them.

BEN (cont'd)
OK- we've got TWO sets here- "Samuel M. Barratt - Whitman Diagnostics - Senior Marketing Manager"...and Doug Shapiro "Producer/Director".

JENNA
That asshole! I flew all the way down here from New York! And he...! Ugh!!

CONTINUED:

MISTY
So he didn't really work for Bayou Beavers?

BEN
I'm thinking "no".

MARCUS
Dude must pretend he's a producer to get his own little collection.
(then)
Good idea.

MISTY
That pervert! Why are all men such slime?!
(then)
I can't believe I've fallen for that shit three times now!

Marcus shines the light back and forth between the group.

MARCUS
Woah- anyone else here have any more secrets? 'Cause if I find out someone else is lying I swear I'll kill you myself.

Everyone is silent. Eyes looking each other up and down.

Finally...

JENNA
(starting to cry)
I didn't really go to NYU. It was my first choice but I didn't get in.
(bawling)
So I went to Hofstra!

MARYBETH
(starting to walk)
We don't have time for this!

JENNA
(sobbing)
I was moving to Hollywood next month to be famous. And now I'm gonna die with all of you assholes!

CONTINUED:

BEN
(adamantly)
We shot him. Nobody else is gonna die.

He takes a step and - **WHAM** - he falls over Shapiro's body.

JENNA
AHHHH! AHHHH!

MARYBETH
(hushed)
Will somebody please shut her up!?

Marcus puts his hand over Jenna's mouth to stifle her screaming.

Marybeth scours the brush around them.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
He's still alive.

MARCUS
(regarding Shapiro)
Nah, man. He looks dead as shit.

MARYBETH
Not him. Crowley.

SHAWN
Well, you only shot him like once, right? Maybe...maybe you gotta shoot him more times? Like- four- or six times! Maybe you gotta shoot him six times!?

JENNA
(sobbing)
I wanna keep moving. Can we please keep moving. I don't want to stay here.

SHAWN
We should stick to where we can see the river. So we don't get more lost.

Marybeth raises her hand in the air and cocks her head to the side.

MARYBETH
Shhh. Do ya'll hear that?

CONTINUED:

She starts to follow the sound.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
It's over here...

They follow her. Some kind of beeping can be heard off screen.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
What *is* that?

SHAWN
Is that...?

MISTY
(realizing)
-MY CELL PHONE!

Misty bolts ahead of them. There, in the clearing, is her cell phone.

Music Cue: Paula Cole's "I Don't Wanna Wait" - *'I don't wanna wait, for our lives to be over, I want to know right now...'*

MISTY (cont'd)
We have a signal!

MARYBETH
Oh god.

MISTY
No, that's a good thing- now we can call for help!

MARYBETH
No.

She points ahead. The camera racks focus to reveal...the Crowley house. Again!

MARCUS
SHIT! We just went in a huge circle!?

Misty starts working on her wet cell phone.

SHAWN
(to Marybeth)
I thought you knew your way around here?

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
(shoving him)
Said the fucking Tour Guide?!

SHAWN
I don't want to have to hit you, but you're making it-

Far away in the swamp...

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)
(desperate, angry)
Daaaa...deeee!!!

They look in the direction of the voice. And panic.

MARYBETH
I'm gonna check out that barn. See if there's a weapon. There's gotta be something else to fight back with.

MARCUS
No, no, no. You can't go back to that house!

She looks at her gun.

MARYBETH
I only have a few shots left. We need something else.

BEN
What if he comes back?

MARYBETH
Then we don't have much time.

She starts walking. Ben shifts his weight, then...

BEN
(to the group)
Stay here.

MARCUS / SHAWN
Cool.

Ben follows her.

JENNA
(to Misty)
Do you have a signal on that thing?

CONTINUED:

Misty stares down at the phone. The signal switches back and forth from digital to analog, roaming to not roaming.

MISTY
Come on! Go through!

SHAWN
We shouldn't stay here. We gotta keep moving.

JENNA
If it was ringing- it has to work.

Misty presses buttons on her phone.

MISTY
Ew. Scott Barnes called me?

JENNA
What!? Will you just dial!?

MISTY
It won't let me!

NO SIGNAL flashes again.

She shakes the phone violently.

MISTY (cont'd)
Work! Goddamnit!

INT. CROWLEY BARN - CONTINUOUS

Marybeth enters with her gun drawn. Ben enters behind her.

Stacked along the floor are dozens of animal carcasses and bones, all in various stages of decomposition. Maggots squirm in the rotting flesh.

Marybeth covers her nose and points to a shovel and a pitchfork leaning against the wall.

MARYBETH
Grab those.

Ben covers his nose with his jacket and moves towards them.

By his feet are some old gas canisters covered in what looks like pieces of decomposing rabbits, skunks, and raccoons.

CONTINUED:

BEN
I think he ate these things.

They both look up at the back wall.

Various old tools hang there. Bolt cutters, hammers, saws, screwdrivers, and an assortment of rusted wrenches are scattered on the workbench.

Ben tosses the shovel over by Marybeth's feet. She leans down to get it and suddenly panics.

She backs up against the wall in hysterics.

BEN (cont'd)
What? What?

Marybeth is pointing at the ground in front of her. She is freaking out.

MARYBETH
(sobbing)
It's my daddy and my brother!

Angle on a bloody mess of fabric and skin on the ground. What is left of Sampson and Ainsley is strewn out in the corner of the shed.

Marybeth breaks down.

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Misty is still shaking her phone.

JENNA
Are you sure the number is 911?

MISTY
What else would it be, dumb ass?!

JENNA
Well, how should I know? It's the South! Maybe you need to type in a different area code!

Mmmph! A tortured, muffled sound emerges from the bushes next to Jenna. Marybeth, Marcus, and Misty freeze.

JENNA (cont'd)
What?

CONTINUED:

Rustle. The bush shakes a little bit. Jenna looks beside her in fear.

MARCUS
(hushed)
Don't...move.

RUSTLE RUSTLE! The bush moves again and Jenna runs over to the other three, stepping on leaves and branches and making noise. She cowers behind Marcus.

JENNA
Sorry.

(Note: this will now be a very wide shot, with the bush against screen left and the foursome a few yards away flush against screen right. There is nothing but empty space and night between them.)

Mmmph! The sound emerges from the bush again. This time it sounds like a child. Jenna looks to Misty. *(The following dialogue is all whispered.)*

MISTY
I think we should run.

JENNA
What if it's a person and they need help?

RUSTLE! RUSTLE! Something moves in the bushes again and they all jump.

MISTY
Then we'll apologize later.

Mmphhhhhh! The sound again.

JENNA
I think there's a kid in there.

MISTY
You're crazy.

SHAWN
If it was that monster, we'd already be dead.

MISTY
Screw this!

MMMPHHHHHH!!! There is clearly something in the bushes.

CONTINUED:

JENNA
What is that?

The girls turn to Marcus and look at him.

MARCUS
Oh, hell no. I'm not walking over there.

JENNA
What if someone's hurt?

MARCUS
If they're still alive they're doing a lot better than some people we know.

RUSTLE!

SHAWN
We can't just leave someone out here to die.

MARCUS
Oh, look who grew a conscience?

JENNA
But they might need help.

MARCUS
Why me?

JENNA
Because you have the flashlight.

Marcus considers this. Then he tries to hand the flashlight to Shawn. Shawn stares back at him.

MARCUS
(defeated, to himself)
Fine. I get it.

He shines the flashlight in the bush. The wet leaves don't allow him to see much. Slowly he starts moving across the screen towards it.

MARCUS (cont'd)
I see how it is. Make the brother do it, huh? I'm a man. I'll walk over there. I'm the man of the group anyway. 'Cause I whoop'd you.

CONTINUED:

RUSTLE-RUSTLE! Marcus runs back to the girls.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Oh shit!

Slowly he moves back over to the bush. There is no sound.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Alright. Damn. Let's see if there's a little baby in there. Hey baby! You up in here?

He bends down to try and see underneath. He shines the light to reveal.....a raccoon.

Angle back to the super wide shot. Marcus stays bent over by the bush, holding his chest.

MARCUS (cont'd)
(sighs)
Oh man, it's just a-

BOOM! The camera quickly pans right to reveal the area just behind the girls and **BBBBUUUUUUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!!!!!** Victor Crowley stands there with a gas powered belt sander in his hands!

VICTOR CROWLEY
ARRRRRRR!!!!!!

Marcus scrambles to his feet. Misty and Shawn start running, but Crowley has Jenna by the hair in a flash!

JENNA
Ahhh!

Marybeth and Ben rush out of the barn. Marybeth holds the shovel. Ben holds the pitchfork and a gardening claw in his hands. Marybeth has a crazed look in her eyes. She sees Victor Crowley and raises the shovel in her hands.

MARYBETH
AHHHHHH!!!

She charges down the hill.

BEN
Marybeth, no!

Victor lifts Jenna by her hair as if she is some sort of doll. He raises the power sander up to her face.

CONTINUED:

BUZZZZZZZZZ!!! Without hesitation he jams the sander down into her mouth sending teeth and gums splintering and flying all about!

JENNA
(gargling)
Ayyyyyyyy...!!!!

WHAM! Marybeth hits Victor Crowley across the face with the shovel, knocking him off his feet and to the ground. The belt sander falls by his feet.

Jenna, her lower jaw almost completely sanded off, turns and tries to crawl away, blood gushing out in front of her.

Ben grabs Marybeth by the arm and tries to drag her away. Shawn looks back at the shovel on the ground. He reaches down to grab it and **BOOM!** Crowley's hand grabs the shovel first.

Shawn tries to back away, but Victor swings it at him like a bat! **SLASH!** Shawn's leg is taken clean off at the knee!

Victor slams his foot down on Shawn's chest, pinning him to the ground. He takes the shovel and places the pointed edge of it on Shawn's neck.

Marybeth hysterically fires her gun. **BOOM!** It's a miss. **BOOM!** Another miss.

Victor turns and makes eye contact with her. There is a moment there. Does he know her...?

MARYBETH
Die! You motherfucker!

She fires again. **CLICK! CLICK!**

Nothing.

Ben grabs Marybeth and drags her away to safety.

BEN
Come on!

Marcus and Misty flee with them.

SHAWN
(through clenched teeth)
Help me!

Victor kicks down on the shovel as if digging up the earth.

CONTINUED:

Shawn's head **POPS** clean off and rolls away. The shovel sticks out of the ground upright!

Victor slowly walks over to where Jenna still tries to crawl away. Effortlessly he leans down and lifts her entire body up in his hands. Blood and puss spew from her mouth.

He walks over to the upright shovel and lifts her high over his head. **SPLAT!** He slams her body down, impaling her on the shovel handle. It takes three pushes, but eventually he gets her body all the way down to the ground.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Misty, Marcus, Marybeth, and Ben race through the trees as fast as they can. Their eyes search the shadows around them as thunder and lightning light up the sky.

BEN
I think we're losing him.

After a few more yards, Misty begins to slow down.

MISTY
Hold on! My foot! I can't run.

MARCUS
Well you have to!

Misty stops and lifts her right foot up.

Marybeth is frantic.

MARYBETH
What are you doing? Come on!

MISTY
Shut-up you redneck twat!

SLAM! Marybeth backhands Misty with all that she's got. Misty falls down on her face. Slowly, a childlike wail starts to creep out of her. She is bawling.

MISTY (cont'd)
You...hit me!!!

MARYBETH
And if you don't shut-up I'll kick your teeth out.

CONTINUED:

MISTY
You cruel, stupid, slutty-

Marybeth moves to kick her in the face, but Marcus stops her.

MARCUS
We don't have time for this!

He pulls her away. She looses her tough-face for the first time all night and buries her head into Ben's chest to hide her tears.

MARYBETH
I just wanna make it stop. Please, I just wanna wake up.

BEN
We have to keep moving away from that house.

MARYBETH
It doesn't matter. This is his swamp. He's gonna kill us all.

Marcus looks away. He shines the flashlight into the woods around them.

BEN
There's gotta be something that we can do.

MARYBETH
He's trapped in the night that he was killed. He's angry and he's scared...and he's going to mutilate anyone who gets near him.

BEN
What if he's human? What if he never really died?

MARYBETH
(eyes stone cold)
That *thing* was never human.

The flashlight begins to flicker.

MARCUS
Shit. Battery's not gonna last much longer.

CONTINUED:

He taps the flashlight. The light comes on and cuts out briefly.

BEN
Let's go. Let's go.

MARCUS
Which way?

He shines the light at Marybeth. It cuts in and out. She thinks for a second.

MARYBETH
That way.

She points. Marcus turns the flashlight in the direction she pointed and- **BOOM!** Victor Crowley is right on top of them! He swings his hatchet at Marcus. It whizzes by his face with a loud **WHOOSH!**

Marcus drops the flashlight and turns to run.

Just as Victor Crowley moves in to swing his hatchet again- **CRUNCH!** Ben slams the pitchfork into his side. Ribs crack and pop as Crowley keels over in pain.

They take off into the woods as Crowley falls to his knees, howling in rage.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

They run, and run, and run further. Marcus helps Misty along with her bad foot.

After another moment, Ben stops running.

BEN
Stop! Stop! This is useless.
He's just gonna keep coming for us
until we're all dead.

MARCUS
We can't stop running. What else
are we gonna do?

They all stand with their hands on their knees. Winded.

BEN
We can hurt him. Ghost or not.
You saw how fast he fell when I
stuck him back there.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BEN (cont'd)
He went down when you shot him. I'm saying we fight back.

MARYBETH
How?

BEN
Misty, you still got that lighter on you?

MISTY
You want to fight that monster with my lighter?

BEN
There were some gas canisters back at the shed.

MARYBETH
Were they full?

BEN
I don't know. Maybe.

MISTY
Wait- you want to go BACK to the shed? I thought the further we got from the house the safer we get!

Ben is determined.

BEN
If we don't kill him- he'll kill us all.

MISTY
You're crazy!

MARCUS
Ben, you don't even know if there's gas in those cans, man.

Marybeth and Ben lock eyes. They don't even look at the people around them.

BEN
I know it's a better chance then we have running around in these woods getting picked off one by one.

MARYBETH
No, you're right.

CONTINUED:

MISTY
Everything is soaked. How are we gonna start a fire?

MARYBETH
If someone can get close enough to throw that gas on him-

BEN
-we could light him up.

MISTY
You're all HIGH! No, no way, I'm-

MARCUS
Do you have a better idea?

MISTY
...No.

MARCUS
(to Ben and Marybeth)
Let's do this.
(then)
How?

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The four of them slowly creep up to the wall behind the barn. They stand in silence. Only the sounds of the crickets and frogs far off in the swamp can be heard.

BEN
(to Marcus)
Buy me some time in there.

Marcus and Marybeth move out to the center of the lawn as Ben leave's Misty standing watch outside of the barn door.

BEN (cont'd)
(whispered to Misty)
Yell if you hear anything.

He slips into the dark barn. Misty, pissed off and shaken, stands guard at the door.

Meanwhile, Marcus and Marybeth stand back to back in the grass. Marcus holds Ben's pitch fork in his hands. Their eyes scour the woods around them.

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
You see anything?

MARCUS
Nah.

Not even a breeze moves the tress surrounding them.

INT. CROWLEY BARN - CONTINUOUS

Ben brushes the decomposing animal parts off of the three canisters. He pauses to listen.

He leans back down to the canisters when **SNAP!** A half eaten raccoon snaps at his hand. Not quite dead yet.

BEN
(panicking)
AHHH!!!

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus looks towards the barn where he heard Ben scream.

BEN (O.S.)
I'm OK!

Marcus shoots Misty a look.

She looks in the barn and then gives him a sarcastic thumbs up sign.

MARYBETH
I don't like this. It's too quiet.

MARCUS
Come on. Let's distract him.
(then, to the woods)
Hey, asshole! Come out! We're right here!

MARYBETH
Come and get us, Crowley! Where are you?!

MARCUS
You freak! You look like you've been molested by wolves!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He quickly recoils. Marcus talks a big game but by the look in his eyes he is terrified.

INT. CROWLEY BARN - CONTINUOUS

Ben pushes the raccoon aside with his foot and lifts the first canister.

MARCUS (O.S.)
Show yourself you ugly bastard!

Empty.

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and Marybeth start making as loud of a commotion as they can.

MARYBETH
Come and get me, Crowley!!

MARCUS
What? You afraid I'm gonna whoop your ass again you little bitch?

Once again...he recoils in fear after making the insult.

The trees around them remain still.

INT. CROWLEY BARN - CONTINUOUS

Ben grabs the second canister.

Empty.

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Angle on Marcus.

MARCUS
Come on! One on one! Me and you! I'll put my foot so far in your ass you're gonna be pulling shoe laces out your teeth for a week!

There is no response.

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
You see anything?

MARCUS
Nothing.

Silence.

Marcus looks back over at the barn.

Misty is gone!

INT. CROWLEY BARN - CONTINUOUS

Ben lifts the third canister. Some gas sloshes around inside.

BEN
Yeah!

MARCUS / MARYBETH (O.S.)
BEN! / GET OUT OF THERE!

SMACK! Something hard cracks against his skull. He looks down to see Misty's severed head roll by on the floor.

BEN
Oof!

Ben holds his head in pain from the blow. He stands up and looks towards the barn door.

WHACK! Something large and fleshy hits him and knocks him against the wall.

Ben looks at the floor next to him. Misty's upper torso lies next to him, blood running out where her head, arms, and legs once were.

Victor's silhouette stands in front of the door! His hatchet raised above his head...

BEN (cont'd)
AHHH!

EXT/INT. CROWLEY BARN - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly Marybeth is on Victor's back! They fall forward into the barn. She buries the gardening claw deep in his enormous skull.

CONTINUED:

Victor, enraged, reaches behind his back and tries to grab Marybeth.

Ben splashes the gasoline all over Victor Crowley as Marybeth wrestles with him. Ben scrambles away on the ground beneath him.

Crowley pushes Marybeth away and tries to pull the garden claw out of his head. Marybeth and Ben run outside.

VICTOR CROWLEY
Raaaaaaaarrrrrr!!!

At the doorway, Ben lights Misty's lighter and hurls it back in to the barn at Crowley.

WOOOSH!!!! Victor goes up in flames.

VICTOR CROWLEY (cont'd)
ARRRRGGGH!! ARRRGGGH!!!!!!

Victor staggers around the barn in a panic- fully engulfed in fire.

MARCUS
YEAH!! BURN BITCH!!

Crowley collapses in the corner. They triumphantly stand in the doorway and watch him burn. **BOOM!** A bolt of thunder cracks.

Ben looks up at the barn roof.

There isn't one.

BEN
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

Rain instantly begins pouring down in buckets.

MARCUS
Now what?!

MARYBETH
Come on! Let's go, let's go!
(then)
Ben! Hey!

Ben stands there frozen. A crazy, angry look in his eyes. Marybeth grabs him by the face. He looks back at her. Eyes swelled up in tears.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
Look at me! All this bought us is time. Don't waste it.

The three of them tear off into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

They move at a quickened pace. Out of breath and emotionally wasted.

No one speaks. They just run through the rain.

Random branches and twigs block their path, tearing at their clothing, arms, and faces as they frantically try and get through.

The rain settles down to a misting drizzle again.

EXT. OLD CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

The three run out of the woods and into an abandoned, sunken cemetery. An enormous steal fence engulfs them on all sides- jutting far back into the woods. It's as if they're in a giant steel cage.

All about them are old, crumbled mausoleums and cement statues that have fallen to pieces over the years.

MARYBETH
This way- there's got to be a path that leads into the cemetery!

Marybeth leads the way as Ben and Marcus race behind her.

The mausoleums seem to block every path and keep them turning and dodging left and right.

BEN
Over here!

SLAM! They run into the giant black fence. At the tops of each iron beam are old Gothic spikes.

There's no getting over it.

BEN (cont'd)
Alright. Let's follow this 'til we find an opening.

They continue on, following the walls of the fence, desperately searching for a way out.

BOOM! Lightning shakes the ground.

50 feet away are the giant black doors that make the cemetery's gates.

BEN (cont'd)
There it is.

MARYBETH
Thank god!

WHOOSH! Victor's hatchet slices through the air in front of Marybeth's face.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
AHHH!

Victor blocks their path to the gate, wildly slashing his hatchet back and forth at them.

VICTOR CROWLEY
RRRRUUUUUHHHHH!!!!

Lightning streaks through the sky and for a full 3 seconds we <u>really</u> see Victor Crowley in his entirety.

His enormous head has many different bulbous lumps covering his face and scalp. Long clumps of blackened hair sprout from his head, neck, and different sections of his face where a beard may have tried to grow around the tumors. His cleft lips curl up around the rotten yellowed daggers that were probably at one point in the womb, trying to become teeth.

Across the center of his face is a deep hatchet wound- beginning above his right eye and slicing downward. His nasal cavity is beyond rotted and the hatchet slash seems to have punctured through whatever nostrils he may have once had. The wound is now badly scabbed, burned, and pussed over. He has patches of black over most of his body and head from the fire a few minutes earlier.

He throws the hatchet, barely missing Ben's arm.

It **CLANGS** off of the stone grave behind Ben and hits the muddy ground.

Marybeth cuts around one of the mausoleums and spies a straight shot down to the entrance road and the giant gate.

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
This way!

The three sprint through the cemetery towards the big gate.

Just mere feet behind them- the enormous Victor Crowley slowly gains on them. Grunting. Snarling.

VICTOR CROWLEY
RRRAAAAAAGGGHHH!!!!

Marcus can almost feel Victor's hot breath on his neck. He is getting dangerously close.

MARCUS
Move!!

Marybeth hits the gate first. **SLAM!** She bounces back against a grave stone.

There's a giant lock keeping the gate closed!

MARYBETH
Oh NO!

Ben tries to stop, but Marcus plows right into him and they both fall down into the muddy grass. Victor topples onto them.

In the pile, only Marcus' body separates Ben from Victor. Victor's face looms just a mere 6 inches from Ben's.

They stare at each other for a beat.

Ben begins to scream.

BEN
AHHHHHH!!

VICTOR CROWLEY
RRRAAAAAHHHH!!!

Victor growls back. Drool drips from his corroded lips...right into Ben's mouth.

MARCUS
(disgusted)
Oh shit!

SMACK! Marybeth kicks Victor hard in the side of the head, rolling him off of Marcus.

CONTINUED:

Ben gets up and tries to pull Marcus to his feet.

They have him halfway to his feet when Victor grabs Marcus' foot.

MARCUS (cont'd)
He's got me! He's got me!

Victor yanks hard on Marcus' leg, dropping him onto his stomach and knocking the wind right out of him.

Marybeth grabs Marcus's other arm and tries to help pull him away, but Victor is not letting go of his foot.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Stop! He's gonna-- break me in half!

Marybeth runs and kicks at Victor's arms. His charred skin rips off in sections.

With a shriek of pain Victor let's go of Marcus' legs and Ben pulls him away.

They get to their feet and run to hide. They gather behind a giant gravestone as they try and figure out where to go.

MARYBETH
That was the only gate.

MARCUS
Then it's back into the woods...

SUDDENLY, Marcus is lifted off of the ground by Victor from behind.

MARCUS (cont'd)
-AHHH!

BEN
Noooo!!!

Victor holds Marcus in a bear hug. Marcus stares back at Ben's horrified face.

Blood seeps through Marcus' teeth and down his chin as Victor tightens his grip and crushes his rib cage.

MARCUS
(barely audible)
Run.

CONTINUED:

Victor drops Marcus on the ground. Marcus is on his knees facing away from him. Without hesitation, Victor puts his foot up against Marcus' back and grabs hold of each of his arms. **RIP! POP! CRACK! SHRED!** Marcus' arms are torn off at the sockets. Blood spews from his body like geysers and he falls forward on his face.

VICTOR CROWLEY
RRRRUUUUUUUUUHHHH!!!!

Ben and Marybeth race back into the woods to try and find another way to the road.

Victor lifts Marcus' body up using his legs. He swings him as hard as he can against one of the mausoleums.

SPLAT! Marcus' head breaks apart like a jelly donut all over the side of it.

With his enormous bare hands Victor grabs onto the fence and tears down one of the giant iron, spiked poles.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Marybeth runs in front of Ben, trying to drag him along as best she can. He is crying and can barely run anymore.

Finally, he stops moving...and vomits all over himself.

BEN
(winded)
Marcus. I can't. I can't- run anymore. I can't do it.

MARYBETH
(out of breath)
Yes- you can! I...I think...I hear...the river. Please! We're not gonna die out here! Come on...

Ben trudges along beside her as best he can.

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CONTINUOUS

They limp out of the trees to the shore of the swamp.

Ben starts to move into the water.

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
No! You'll get eaten alive in there!

She pulls him back out to the beach.

BEN
Then where do we go?

THWOCK!!!! The giant gate post hits the ground, piercing Ben's foot.

BEN (cont'd)
AHHHHHH!!!

Out of the trees, Victor Crowley emerges.

BEN (cont'd)
Go!!

VICTOR CROWLEY
(grunting)
Ruhh - ruhh- grrrrrrrrrrr!!

Marybeth looks up and down the post in Ben's foot.

BEN
Get away! Run!

She steps behind Ben and puts her arms around him with her hands on the post.

BEN (cont'd)
What are you doing???! Get out of here!!

MARYBETH
Push against the post with your knee!

BEN
GET AWAY FROM ME! HE'S GONNA KILL YOU, TOO!!!

Victor charges straight at Ben.

MARYBETH
Push against the post! NOW!

BEN
WHAT??!

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH
NOW!

With the knee above his impaled foot, Ben pushes against the giant pole. Marybeth pushes it even further down.

It tears down the middle of Ben's foot- literally splitting it in two...but slowly becoming parallel to the ground.

BEN
(sheer agony)
AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!

The post comes down just in time to be level with Victor Crowley. It catches him straight in the chest as he charges into it.

RRRIP! The dull end of the post shreds into Victor's chest and out the back of him.

His body slowly slides down the post towards Ben.

VICTOR CROWLEY
(gargling through the
blood in his throat)
Acccccchhhh...Acccchhhhh....

His face finally stops a mere foot in front of Ben's face.

Silence.

Then... **SPLAT!** Blood coughs out of Victor's mouth onto Ben's face.

Ben and Marybeth stare up at the giant monster, impaled by the iron post in his neck. He is finally still.

Marybeth helps Ben pull his foot free of the post. **CRUUUUNCH!** The sound of his broken foot pulling free is sickening.

She helps Ben to his feet.

With one arm around her, he begins hopping down the muddy bank with her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - SIDE OF LAKE - CONTINUOUS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two continue to make their way along the river bank. Suddenly, Marybeth freezes.

BEN

What?

MARYBETH

That's my daddy's boat.

Ahead on the river bank is Sampson's boat.

They make their way over to it.

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - MIDDLE OF LAKE - MOMENTS LATER

Marybeth rows without speaking. She stops to remove her outer shirt and hands it to Ben.

MARYBETH

Here. Use this.

Ben wraps his destroyed foot in the cloth.

Marybeth's eyes are vacant. The tragedy of the night and the reality that she'll never see her family again slowly sink in. Tears stream down her face.

BEN

Hey.

She looks at him.

BEN (cont'd)

Thanks. For sticking with me back there.

She tries to smile back at him but just starts crying.

MARYBETH

My dad. Ainsley.

BEN

Shhh.

Ben moves closer to her and touches her leg.

BEN (cont'd)

Listen. We're alive. We made it.

MARYBETH

I know, but-

WOOOOOSHHH! Marybeth is suddenly pulled over the side of the boat by the back of her shirt.

MARYBETH (cont'd)
-Ahh!

She's under the water in a second.

BEN
MARYBETH!? MARYBETH!!!!

Ben frantically looks into the water for any sign of her. He plunges his hand deep down, reaching for her.

BEN (cont'd)
MARYBETH!!!!!!

UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

Marybeth sinks deep down in the water, as if she is being pulled. Finally, she stops sinking and begins to struggle to swim up for air.

She doesn't budge.

Looking beneath her, she sees her right leg is tangled in wet tree roots and weeds. She pulls and pulls- but her foot won't budge.

She turns around and tries to see what is around her, bracing herself for the worst. Nothing.

She pulls again at her foot and sees that her shoe lace has one small branch running through it- keeping her bound.

At the top of the water she sees Ben's hand reach back in for her- but it's far too high up for her to reach.

With her other foot she kicks at the heel of her boot. Again. Again. Again. Her foot comes out of the boot.

She is FREE!

She swims up towards the surface and grabs Ben's hand.

Through her P-O-V she is pulled up through the water and right into the face of...VICTOR CROWLEY!!!

Victor is using Ben's severed arm to pull up Marybeth!!!!

CONTINUED:

MARYBETH

AHHHH!!!

Behind Victor Crowley- Ben lies on his back. His throat torn out and his arm ripped from his body...he stares back at Marybeth, horrified.

The camera is tight on Crowley's face as he screams at her and then-

END.